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THE BYSTANDER
July 3, 1940.

the BYSTANDER

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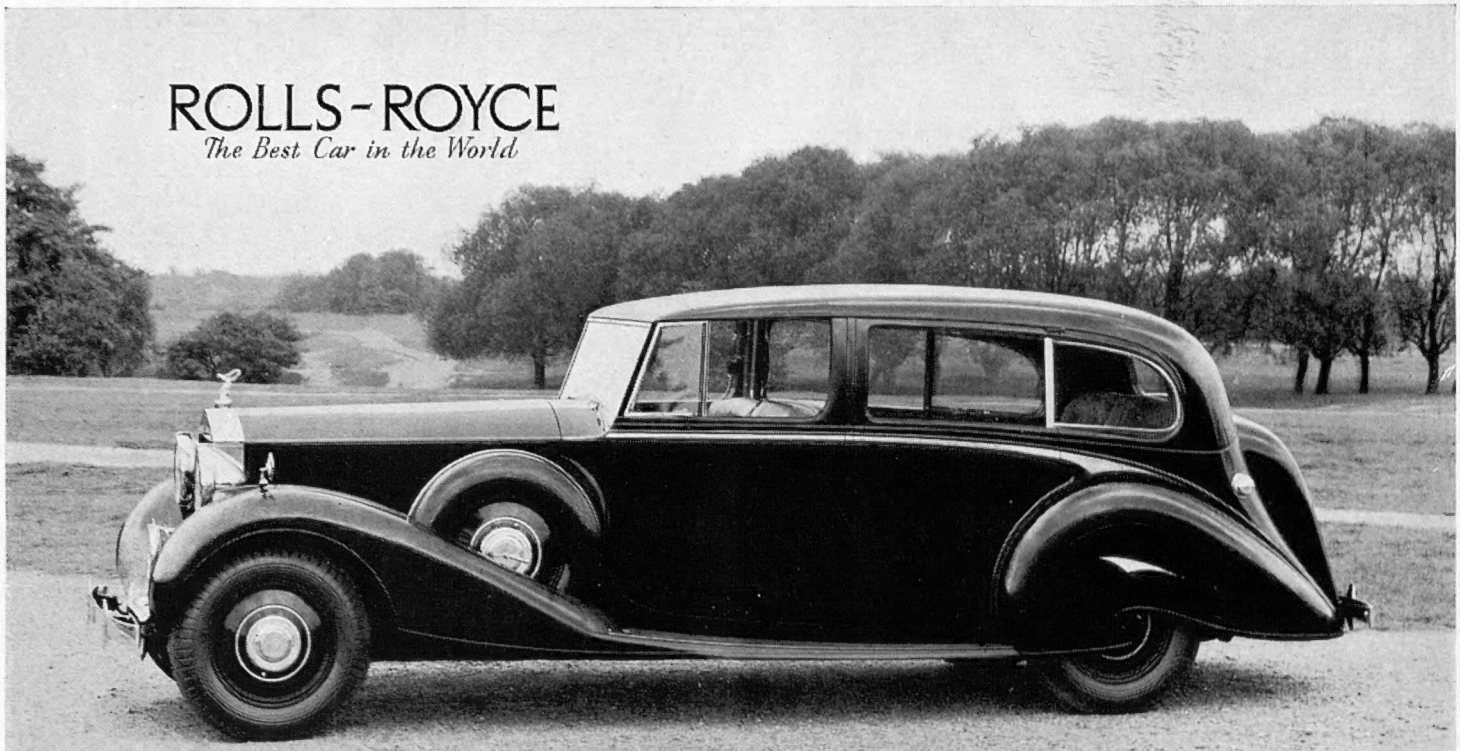

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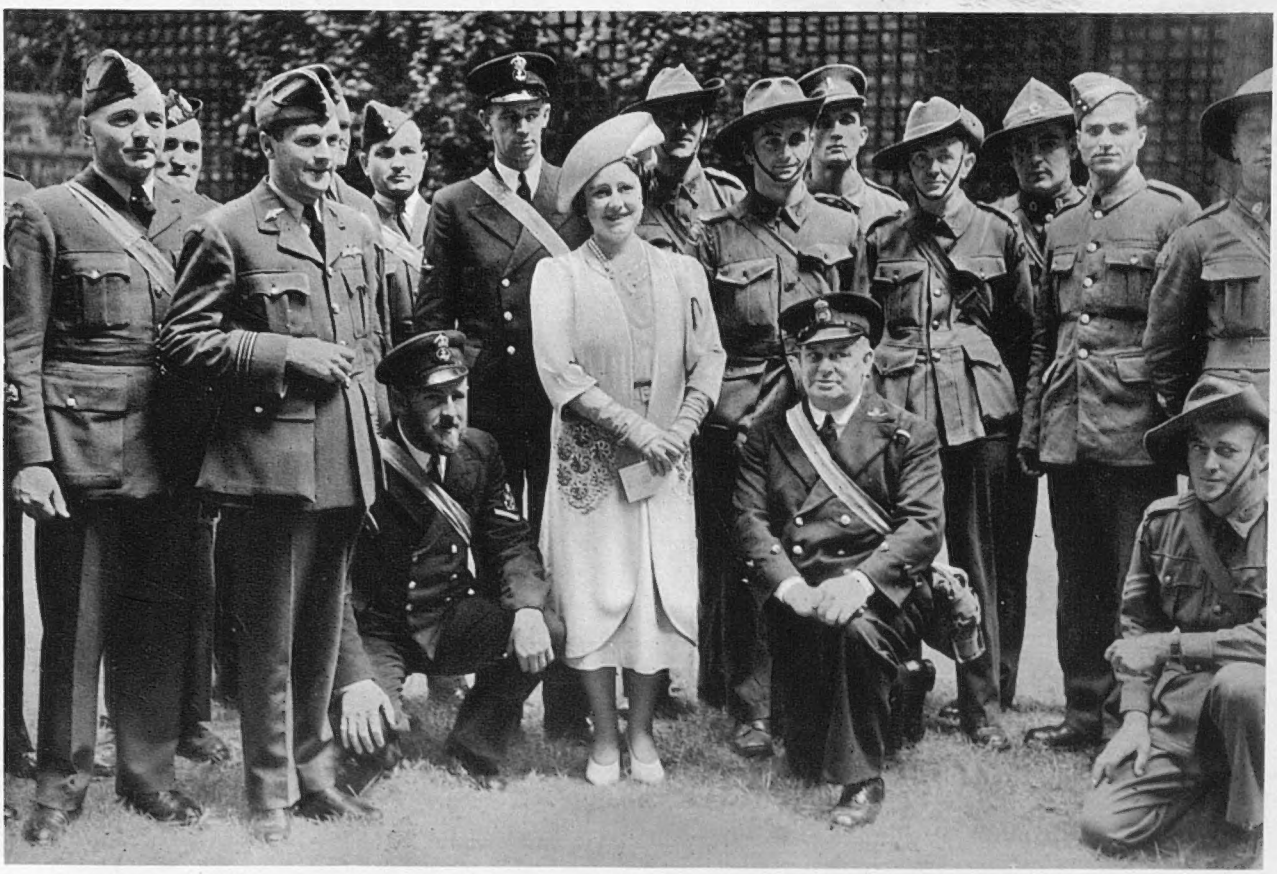
The Bystander

In the Highest Tradition

Flt.-Lt. Richard Hugh Anthony Lee received the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. from the King last week. This twenty-three-year-old boy, who left Charterhouse five years ago, has added yet another chapter to the R.A.F's incredible epic of gallantry. He has fought on alone after his companion had been shot down, and with his own machine hit in several places, has shared in the shooting-down by his section of two Junkers "215" in two days, has fought a Junkers "89" over enemy territory under intense ground fire, has escaped from behind the German lines after being arrested. In short, he "has displayed great ability as a leader, and an intense desire to engage the enemy" and has "upheld the highest tradition of the service"



Welcome to the Empire's Fighters: the Queen with Overseas Service Men

When the Australians and the New Zealanders, with their brown faces and fine physique, walk around the streets of London seeing the sights, there are few people who don't watch them with a warm feeling of pride and gratitude that they should have come so freely and so far to fight for the Empire and its cause. And when the Queen welcomes these men from overseas, she speaks, even more significantly than usual, for the ordinary men and women of the home country. Last week her Majesty visited the Victoria League Club in Malet Street, and spent an hour there talking to a widely representative group of 400 officers and men. They included not only members of the newly arrived Australian Imperial and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces, but soldiers, sailors and airmen from Canada, South Africa, Newfoundland and Cyprus

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LAST week I wrote of the grievous blow that had been dealt us by the French Government, and said that the fact which made it so especially grievous was that it was dealt by Marshal Pétain and General Weygand. I referred to them as "those two great soldiers." There is nothing for it now but to withdraw that sentence. Pétain and Weygand have betrayed, or rather tried to betray, the cause of the Allies just as surely as Traitor Quisling and Traitor Leopold. There were two pledges which any French Government was bound to respect. Firstly, there was the pledge not to seek a separate armistice or separate peace without British consent. Secondly, there was the pledge to get the French Fleet into safety before negotiating for an armistice. Both these pledges were broken by the traitors of Bordeaux.

EVER since he took over the Premiership of France, Pétain has had the word Honour on his lips more often than any other word. At the very beginning he pledged himself to accept no terms that were not honourable. Everything he did from that time onwards was strictly honourable, and when he announced, finally, after a long delay, the terms of his honourable armistice with the, presumably, honourable Germans, he actually wound up his broadcast statement with the words, "these are severe conditions, but at any rate our honour is safe." If he had been addressing the French Army, and if he had said "your honour is safe," then he would have been right. But why should he have associated himself with the great defence put up by the betrayed poilus? All we can say of Pétain and Weygand is that Brutus also was an honourable man. So are they all, all honourable men.

THE Italians are continuing in their finest comic-opera style. Beginning, as I wrote last week, with the capture of the General's wife, they went on with an attack on the French Army in the Alps on the day when the armistice was being signed. This was their first and only attack, and they had waited until the Germans were heavily attacking French garrisons from the rear. The Italians won such a tremendous victory in this assault upon undefended positions that it was only natural that they should immediately announce the organisation of a Victory March. (Their great victory in the last war, you will remember, at Vittoria Veneto, was mainly won while the armistice with Austria was being negotiated.) The next achievement of the Italians was unique. Never before in naval warfare has a submarine that was not aground been captured by the enemy. It was doubly unfortunate in this case that the enemy should have been an armed fishing-smack.

GENERAL DE GAULLE has been warned that he will be tried by court martial for his conduct in calling on Frenchmen to continue resistance to their enemies. After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Marshal Bazaine was also court-martialled. The charge against him was somewhat different. He was found guilty of "negotiating with and capitulating to the enemy before doing all that was prescribed by honour and duty." How times do change. To-day Bazaine would be Prime Minister of France. But times will change again, and I venture to think that General de Gaulle will be Prime Minister of France for a longer time than Marshal Pétain.

LAST week I went to a cocktail-party, a rare enough occurrence these days, and was introduced to a charming lady whose first words of conversation sounded like a defence of Pétain for signing the clause surrendering the

French Fleet. I expostulated mildly, thinking that perhaps I had not understood. The lady then went on to say that the French were entirely right, that no one could fight against machines, that the B.E.F. had returned in a completely defeated spirit, that the R.A.F. realised that they could do no good, and that, in her own words, "We can't go on." By this time I and another lady who was listening had lost our tempers to such an extent that we suggested to Miss Quisling that if we liked we could get her put in prison for a month and fined £50. Miss Quisling smiled loftily and said, "I don't think you could do that to me. You see, I 'm in the Government." Fortunately, by the purest chance, there was other and more effective action that we could take, and within two minutes we had taken it.

THE new policy of landing small raiding parties on the enemy coastline is a logical development of sea-power. During the Peninsular War, these sporadic landings round the Spanish coast were of great encouragement to the Spanish patriots, and were a great source of information to the British authorities. Also they have the additional advantage that they force the Germans to guard with land-garrisons their enormous coastline from Narvik to Bordeaux. The Germans are, in fact, faced with an amphibian guerilla warfare on a front of some thousands of miles.

MR. HENRY FORD has cancelled the plans agreed upon by his son Edsel for the manufacture of 6000 Rolls-Royce engines for Britain by mass-production methods. This is supposed to show that Mr. Ford is a true pacifist, because he is only prepared to make aeroplanes for defence. But he has also refused to make 3000 Rolls-Royce engines for the United States, so his pacifism becomes a little bit too complicated to follow. Let us hope that the Packard Company, to whom the contract is now being offered, will have more sense.

IT was high time that violent protests should be made in Parliament against the lack of refreshment facilities and rest-rooms at railway stations for men of the fighting forces. Any of us who have travelled recently have seen the disgraceful sights at dozens of stations. I myself have seen exhausted soldiers being ordered out of a restaurant on a Sunday afternoon because the restaurant was "closed." All they wanted was some place in which to sit down. I travelled in a train from London to Birmingham on a Sunday. The train was crowded with troops, and the only chance to get any refreshment on a journey which took four hours was at Rugby. The troops tumbled out of the train at Rugby at about midday, but the refreshment-room was closed. The railways have had more than a good deal from the nation in the matter of their dividends, and now it is high time that they did something in return.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* excels even itself in its latest issue to reach these shores. It is dated June 1st, and in its editorial page it contrives to make no reference whatsoever to affairs in Europe. On the other hand, it publishes a long article by a gent called Silas Wright on the subject of the relative strengths in the air of Germany and Britain. Mr. Wright proves conclusively that Germany has at least three times the number of aeroplanes that we have; that its productive capacity will soon be about four times as great; that German aeroplanes are superior in quality; and that apparently Germany's petrol is inexhaustible. Uncle Silas then goes on to show that Britain is much more vulnerable than Germany, and, in fact, contributes to the *Saturday Evening Post* a piece of rousing, thumping German propaganda. Perhaps he is not entirely infallible, for he commits himself to the statement that our fighters are not equal to the Messerschmitts, and that the anti-aircraft guns defending the Ruhr are so powerful that our aeroplanes can do nothing against them. It is, in fact, a contemptible and lying piece of pro-Nazi drivel.

MR. DAVID NIVEN, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, points out one of the anomalies in our system of precautions during air raids. All the taxis during the first air-raid warning the other day were ordered to stop and pull in to the side of the street, which seems common sense. But they all kept their lights on throughout the duration of the warning, and this seems to me, as it seemed to Mr. Niven, to be rather peculiar.

IT is curious how new words and phrases creep into a language almost unnoticed until they are firmly entrenched. The latest addition to the English language is "marshalling yards." Three months ago this expression was quite unknown, and it was not until the air raids on the Ruhr and the Rhineland began on May 10th that the word began to slip in. In older and simpler and happier days we used to call them goods-yards, but I suppose some bright young button at the B.B.C. felt that he must justify his position as a creative genius, and so he made his contribution to progress.

JUST as I sat down to write this page I got the news that Mademoiselle Delysia is safely home, and I join the countless thousands of others in a loud cheer and a tornado of congratulations.

PARASHOT WYNDHAM LEWIS, in last week's BYSTANDER, lined himself up rather cautiously with those who deplored Mr. Duff Cooper's reference to Caporetto on rather curious grounds. He was afraid that Mr. Cooper's words may have already screwed up the spirit of the Italian troops to unprecedented heights. Come, come, Parashot Lewis, this is no time for defeatism. Keep your spirit up, Parashot, and when you see a barrel-organ complete with grinder and monkey descending from your native skies of Sussex, hoist your arquebus to your ancient shoulder and let drive just as you did at Majuba Hill when we stood side by side on that stricken field.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The exclusive picture of the Earl and Countess of Athlone in last week's issue should have been acknowledged as "Canada House photograph by A. Louis Jarché." We apologise to Canada House and Mr. Jarché for this omission.

Polish Army Leader

General Ladislaus Sikorski, head of the Polish Government which was set up at Angers last year and has now come to England, visited Mr. Churchill at 10, Downing Street. General Sikorski is also Leader of the Polish Army, which, after rendering sterling service in France, has also been for the most part brought successfully to this country

French Resistance Leader

The fighting spirit of Frenchmen the world over has been rallied by General de Gaulle, founder of the French National Committee in London, and leading exponent of the doctrine of continued French resistance. Promoted General only last month, de Gaulle was on June 6th appointed M. Reynaud's assistant in the Ministry of National Defence

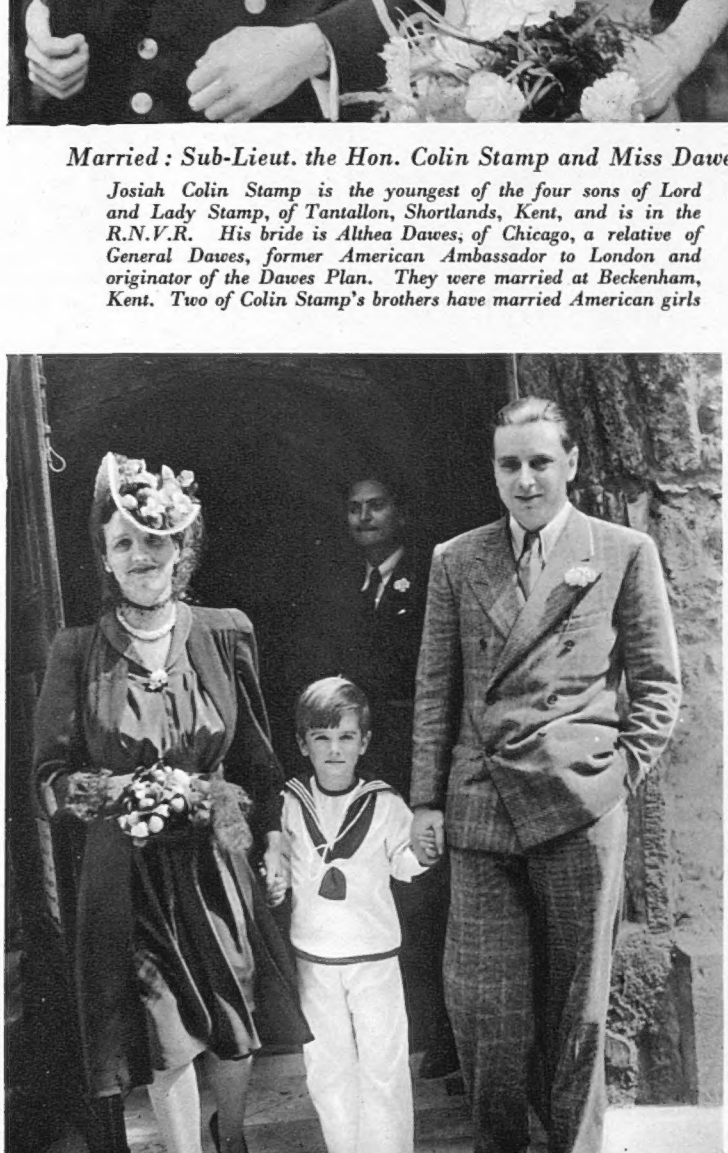
Married: Sub-Lieut. the Hon. Colin Stamp and Miss Dawes

Josiah Colin Stamp is the youngest of the four sons of Lord and Lady Stamp, of Tantallon, Shortlands, Kent, and is in the R.N.V.R. His bride is Althea Dawes, of Chicago, a relative of General Dawes, former American Ambassador to London and originator of the Dawes Plan. They were married at Beckenham, Kent. Two of Colin Stamp's brothers have married American girls

Married: Sec.-Lieut. Hugh Williams and Miss Vyner

Hugh Williams, the actor, and Margaret Vyner, Australian stage and screen actress, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He has been in the Army since the war, before that was acting with Marie Tempest in "Dear Octopus." His first wife was Gwynne Whitby, recently acting in "The Women." Margaret Vyner was mannequin for the Queen's dress-maker when he sent models to Canada and America during the royal visits

People in the Lighter News of the Week



Married: Mrs. Biddy Clayton and Mr. Tom Harrisson

Tom Harrisson is the co-founder and director with Charles Madge of "Mass Observation," the best-known organisation in Great Britain for observing and recording the reactions of the masses to this and that. His bride, Mrs. Biddy Clayton, was one of his first observer-assistants. With them, after their St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, wedding, is her son, John

Rose-Selling: Lady Poulett and Miss Marks

West End hotels had their usual bands of socialite and stage flower-girls on Alexandra Rose Day. Outside Claridge's were Oriel Ross (Lady Poulett) and Hannah Marks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Marks

Miss Cecilia Colle

Skating star Ce Sylvia Klein were the Berkeley. Spe to Service men this y to wear the pink Alexan

Check Up: Miss Elizabeth Cowell

The B.B.C. are taking every precaution at their West of England studios, as befits a public utility of such immense potential value to an enemy. Members of the staff have enrolled in the L.D.V. and take turns to guard the studio entrances. Elizabeth Cowell, woman announcer, is not exempt from the careful scrutiny dealt out by her colleague to the passes of every member of the staff

Parashot: Mr. Stewart Hibberd

The Chief Announcer is one of many B.B.C. personalities who are training as Local Defence Volunteers to defend the Home Service from unhomely usurpers. Although Mr. Hibberd appears to be starting from the ground up in his musketry training he has, in fact, plenty of military experience, having served in the last war and later in the Mahsud campaign

Recruiting: Capt. Harold Balfour, M.P., and Sir George Truscott

R.A.F. recruits who went to the Cannon Street recruiting enquiry bureau found the Deputy Lord Mayor of London (sitting) and the Under Sec. of State for Air (behind) ready for them. When Captain Harold Balfour and Sir George Truscott visited the bureau, they heard that 8635 enquiries had been dealt with in eight days

...d Miss Klein

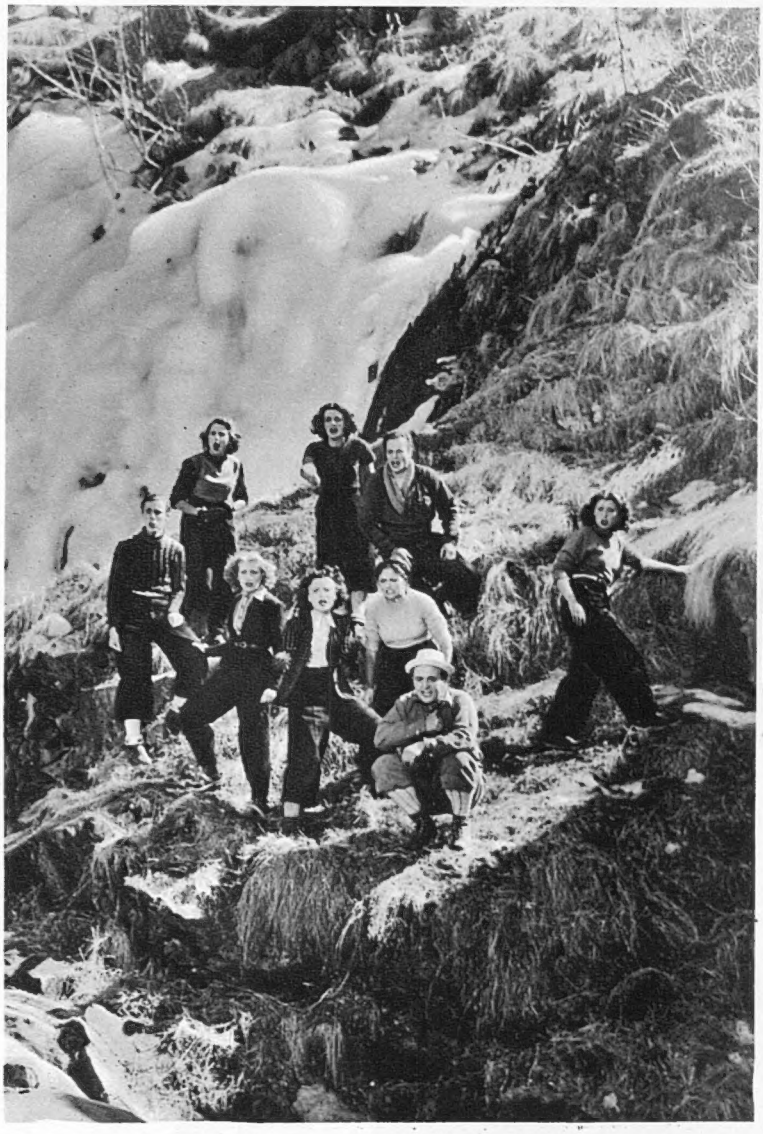
...lledge and her cousin ...se Day duty outside ...mission was given ... the Army Council ... in their button-holes

Miss Baillieu and Lady G. Latham

On Park Lane passers-by bought roses from Yvette Baillieu and Lady Gwendoline Latham, whose base was the Dorchester. The latter is Earl Jellicoe's eldest sister, is the wife of Colonel Edward Latham, R.H.A.

Commentators: the Hon. Edward Ward and Mr. Bernard Stubbs

Talking over experiences and future plans with the B.B.C.'s senior News Editor, Mr. R. T. Clark, are Edward Ward and Bernard Stubbs, both home after acting as observers overseas. Mr. Ward first achieved public note for his brilliant on-the-spot commentaries on the Russo-Finnish war. He was in Paris until the general evacuation and followed the French Government to Bordeaux before sailing for England



***An idealistic band** of young men set out for a mountain chalet to build for themselves a new world of comradeship and shared work. They rescue a party of girl ski-ers lost in the snow and the girls decide to join in the great experiment. But the little republic is soon torn and divided by conflicts, theoretical and emotional*

***Refugee** from her own country, deserted by her lover, Maria joins the Utopia-seekers, hoping to find new life and hope for herself. Dolly Mollinger plays this leading part*

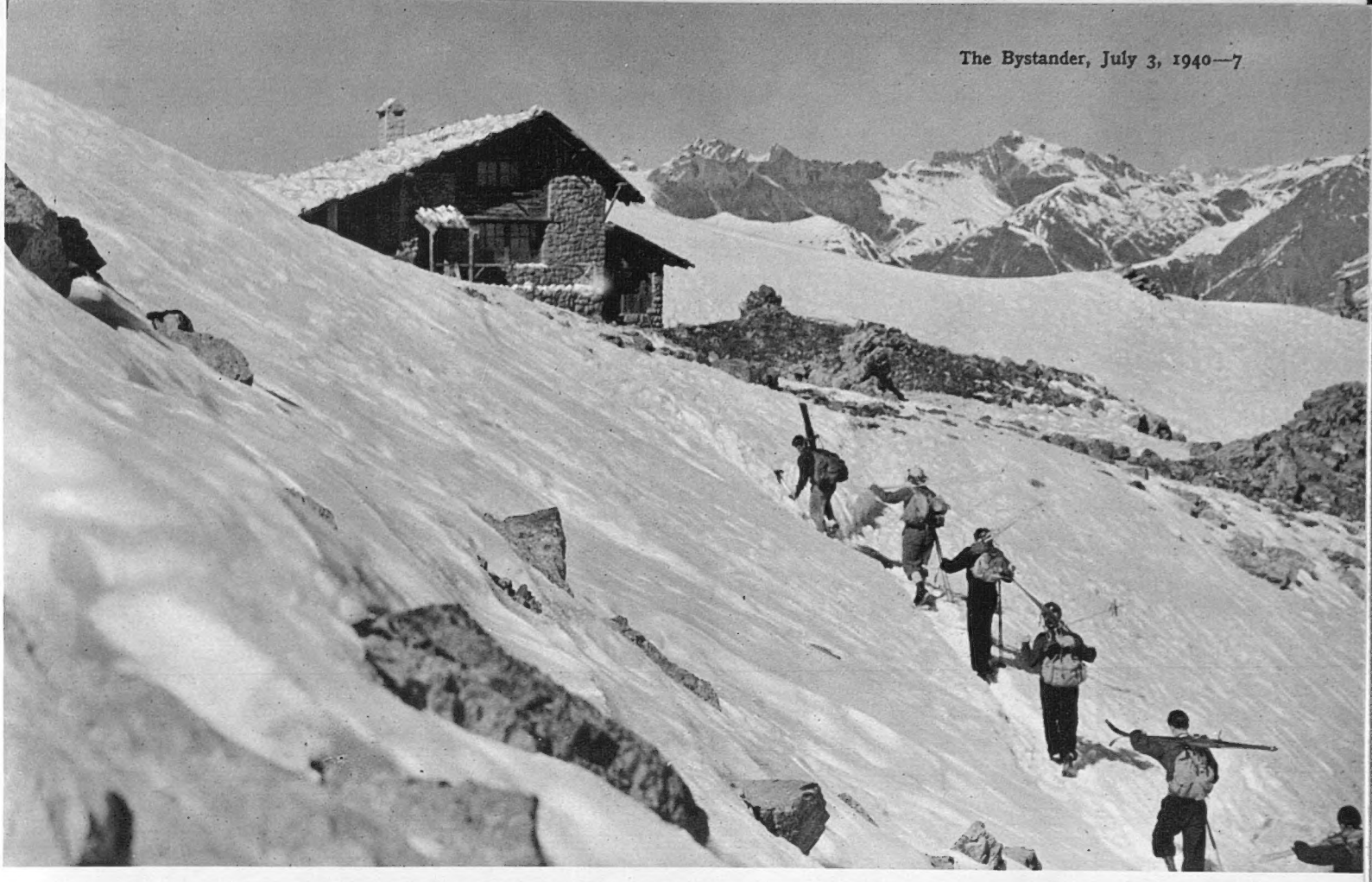
"Nous les Jeunes"

Adolescence in Search of Utopia

Once upon a time there was a young man who found that earning a meagre livelihood as a tailor's dummy, handing leaflets to passers-by, was no fulfilment of his dreams of a fine useful life of comradeship and service. So he and a group of his friends set out to build their own Utopia among the mountain peaks where the air is pure and the snows untrodden. What happened to their attempt, and why they returned to the world, wiser but still idealists, is the theme of *Nous les Jeunes*. This French film has been directed by Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein, whose collaboration has already produced two memorable pictures—*La Maternelle*, a study of childhood, and *La Mort du Cygne*, a beautifully photographed ballet film. This time they have placed their story of adolescence in the most lovely of all filmic settings—among the snowy peaks of the Swiss Alps. (Now at the Academy)

***Love-affairs** begin as soon as the girls arrive, and shatter the peaceful masculine pre-occupation with ideals and theories. Victor (Fabian Loris), elected leader of the young republic, and Zizi (Odette Joyeux) are a tempestuous pair of sweethearts*

***Rivals** for refugee Maria's interest are Serge (Sarnval) and Armand (Jean-Louis Barrault). Armand, son of a newspaper proprietor, who has left home to earn his living, is intellectual leader of the party of young escapists who think a good life is easier in mountains than city*



In the beginning *Utopia is to be built in this deserted chalet in the high Alps*

In the end *reality wins, and the escapists decide to return and face life among their fellow-men*

Memorial *to those who went from the Stock Exchange to give their lives in defence of freedom twenty-five years ago looks down on those who are making themselves ready to meet the challenge this time. Guards Instructors are doing the teaching, under a scheme started by the Stock Exchange Cadet Company, over a thousand members of which have already left to join the Territorials or one of the regular Services*

Inspection *of recruits undergoing musketry training is carried out by Major Max Karo, O.C. the Stock Exchange Cadet Company. Major Karo has long been "father" of the Company and an enthusiastic recruiter. Six years ago he presented them with club premises at 65, London Wall ("Bystander," February 6th, 1934)*

Bull's-eyes for "Bulls"

The Stock Exchange Prepares for War

Floor *of the Stock Exchange, hallowed sanctuary of business, provides a parade-ground for bulls, and bears too, if such pessimistic things still exist, members and clerks of the London Stock Exchange who turn out four nights a week to receive initial military training, or in the many cases where they have seen previous service, to take a refresher course. Age limits are sixteen to seventy, which doesn't shut many people out, and subjects in the curriculum are physical training and use of the rifle, bayonet and Bren gun. The Stock Exchange is well guarded by night, and by day these volunteers are ready to stand to arms at any moment. So any parachutist who thinks of tampering with our economic system had better land warily*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Magic Flute" (Sadler's Wells)

A WEEKLY article in praise of Sadler's Wells and of the Old Vic would not, in these days, be out of place; for let us never forget that if the protection of the body is important, no less is the protection of the mind and of the spirit, which must be fortified to withstand a state of siege that seeks to batter them with deafening guns into complete submission. So, to the Wells, where they were giving *The Magic Flute* for the first time for close upon four years, and where a packed house (if only Miss Baylis could have seen it!) had assembled to listen to some of the loveliest music in the history of harmony—music that is never likely to be burnt by any common hangman because its message is so much more subtle than that of literature or even of painting; but a message it has, a seed it sows, there is always Mozart! Though as for the book of *The Magic Flute*, I won't guarantee that against the flames when somebody finds out what it all means, for it is obviously pregnant with meaning, which I, as a critic, should be in a position to expound. But I don't know the password or the countersign or whatever is necessary before you can understand the rigmarole of mysteries that begin with a serpent and end with the union of Tamino to the daughter of the Queen of Night, so I just listen to the music, and it is enough.

THE loveliest moments at the Wells were, I think, when Joan Cross was singing, for her voice is of the very first quality, so that you soon stop asking why she has been dressed up to look like Dorothy Ward's aunt; and when David Lloyd is singing, for a sweeter voice never came out of Wales, and he looks romantic too; and when the three little boys are singing as the three Genii, for the singing of boys, when they sing like this, is akin to the singing of angels, whatever they may be thinking as they warble. And there is another lovely moment of high comedy when the Old Woman turns into Papagena and Olive Dyer comes captivatingly a-birding. It is one of my bitterest æsthetic regrets that I never saw Irene Eisinger in this part. But I shall yet. And in the meantime, Miss Dyer is delicious.

"THE MAGIC FLUTE," which is almost as mysterious as *The Tempest*, is by far the most mysterious of all Mozart's operas, as *Figaro* is the gayest and *Don Giovanni* the grandest. But some of the mystery is dissipated by the Wells production, which is serviceable rather than sympathetic, and some by Mr. Dent's translation, which is awfully like a translation, with such typical librettisms as "ply my trade," "have a care," "audacious youth," and so on. But no opera should be translated. The sound of the words and the sound of the music form a unity. One might almost as well leave the original words and translate the music. But not quite—I will grant you that, so long as you see what I mean.

The Queen of the Night—Ruth Naylor—with her three Attendants—Margaret Lane, Kate Jackson, Molly de Gunst

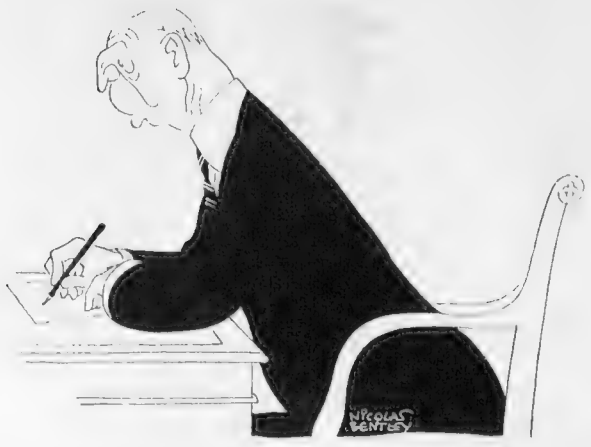
Pamina is Joan Cross, Sarastro is Ronald Stear, Tamino is David Lloyd

Papagena and Papageno are Olive Dyer and Sumner Austin

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Sir, during the last war . . ."

IT was only to be expected that after Mussolini's entry into the war, in the best manner of the Renaissance, some of Auntie *Times's* well-read horde should begin digging into the works of Slogger Niccolo Machiavelli and proving that the Duce was obviously a close student of *Il Principe*. Actually the cynical old Florentine's theories—and especially the basic one that the moral law must give way when the interests of the State require it and the end justifies the means—are as old as politics, which were already dirty when Prometheus was a boy. We 'd be prepared, however, to argue that given the choice of evils, Machiavellianism in the fifteenth century was slightly less odious than it is to-day. To be double-crossed by a Renaissance crook of high lineage and breeding and exquisite taste, living a rich, full-blooded life in a marble palace surrounded by every refinement of art and culture, wearing gay, beautiful clothes and jewels, listening to lutes and viols and the voices of women of great personal charm miraculously attired, and, if need be, stabbing you with a dagger designed by Michaelangelo and chased by Cellini, is pleasanter than to be done down by a crook in a lounge suit and a bowler-hat, surely? Similarly with Oliver Cromwell, *né* Williams, recent efforts to revive whose cultus as a rally-point have seemed to some thoughtful students of history singularly tactless, since what his godly Ironsides did to the Irish was not very dissimilar from what the Nazis have done to the Poles. But Cromwell's *period* was far more attractive than ours in costume and accessories, and by just that much the Puritan orgy of lust, loot, and massacre in Ireland was preferable, probably, to the Nazi drive in Poland. Our point (such as it is) is purely æsthetic and objective, neither slogger being a hero of ours, and incidentally we still wonder why nobody ever bothers to ask Mr. Isaac Foote, ex-M.P., Cromwell's Public Trumpeter No. 1, how he reconciles his own brand of mild Liberalism with the fanatic worship of England's one and only Nazi Dictator. Perhaps the Irish didn't mind? Perhaps the Scots prisoners liked being sold into slavery? The Liberal mind is charming but odd, in our shrinking view.

Shrine

APROPOS, it 's such a long time since we lunched at the National Liberal Club (most of the Conservative and other members we know having joined the Forces, which makes the place look half-empty) that we 're somewhat out of touch with Liberal Thought. However, the latest phase, a chap tells us, is that the little stone Temple of Vesta Liberalis on the terrace may be turned into a pill-box and defended by a Death Battalion of picked members if London is invaded. As you probably know, this graceful little open temple, or rotunda, was erected by an admirer of Peel in fulfilment of a love-vow in the 1880's and served by six Liberal Vestal Virgins, tending the sacred flame in turn. Their names were Martha Boddice, Prudence Purge, Charity Weake, Abigail Gowcher, Keziah Sidebotham, and Queenie Gathercole. Miss Gathercole, always a "fast one," having "gone wrong" after being lent Mrs. Pewslake's *Life of Cobden* by a Guardsman in 1885, was buried alive, after the stern old Roman and Liberal custom, under the temple pavement. The remaining five Vestals went off the rails with a loud whoop on the night of Campbell-Bannerman's first Premiership, and after the ensuing severities the temple was closed. A marble votive tablet over some faded yellow rags on the interior wall commemorates the victory over cruel Love of Mr. Amos Powke, M.P., who hung up his Sunday shirt to Vesta on April 8, 1897. Nobody took much interest in this ceremony, any connection between Mr. Powke and Love being pretty grisly. The Temple of Vesta Liberalis has since been abandoned except by aged members who use it for suicidal purposes, to the unconcealed annoyance of the staff.

Other news we gleaned in Clubland recently is that at the Carlton they 're thinking of hanging up one or two distinguished statesmen in the place of their portraits, but they can't decide yet which canvases to sacrifice.

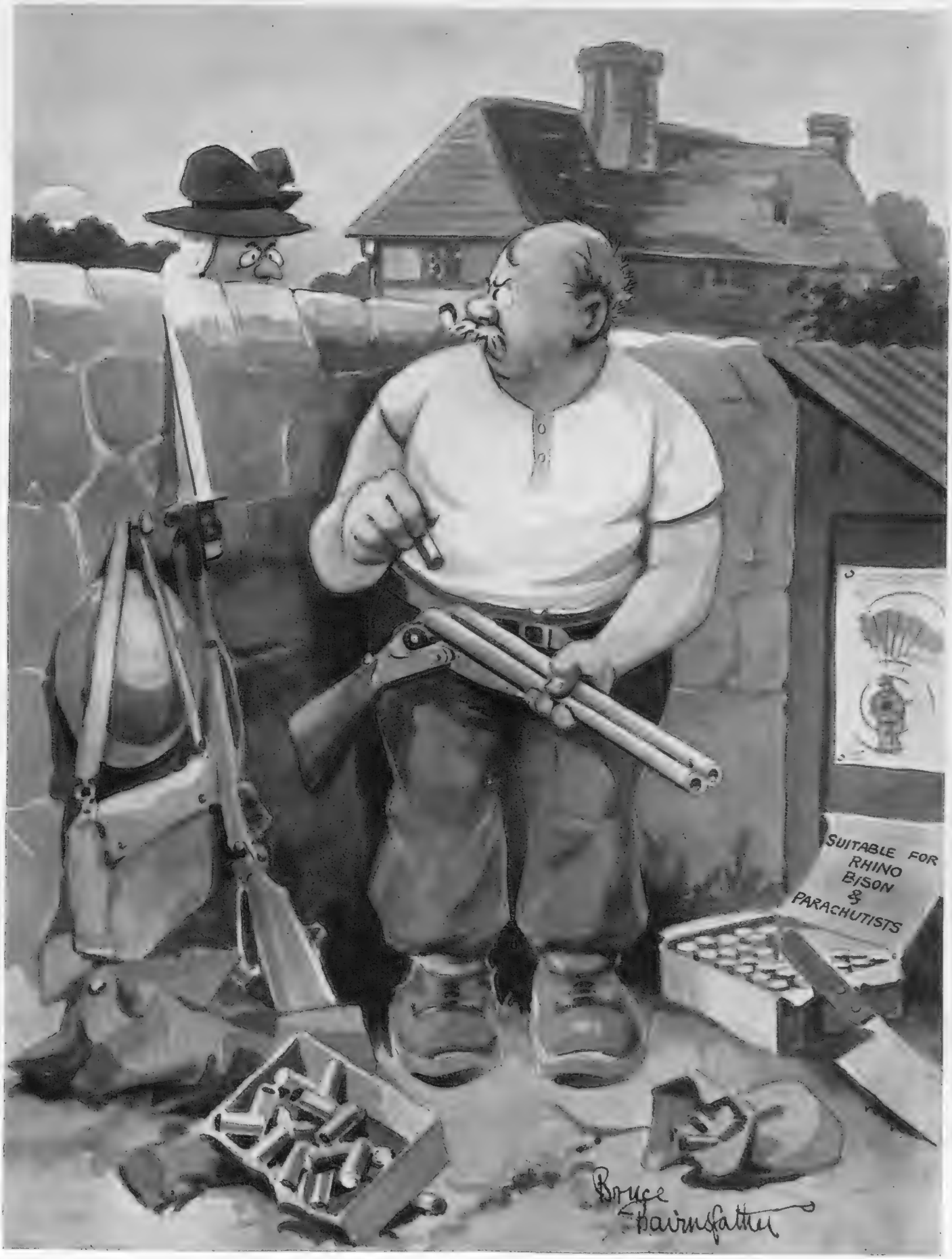
Laurel

MR. BARRINGTON-WARD of Christ Church, deputising for the Public Orator of Oxford at the recent Encænia, paid an eloquent tribute to the prowess of Prince Alexander ("Obo") Obolensky, the Rugby International three-quarter, killed recently in the air. "*. . . hunc in hiemali certamine follem vel manibus prensare vel pedibus insequi, exiguo clinamine hostes vitare, conatibus suis victoriam Oxoniensibus stabilire*"*—rarely has the august music of the golden Latin tongue better described a chap putting down a hot one. It 's of course a well-known donnish pastime to translate highly modern phenomena—such as the workings of radio, or a golf match, or the parts of a toy electric engine—into classical Greek or Latin. Sometimes such attempts are amusing, more often futile, though in any case they 're completely innocent, which can't be said for everything dons do in their spare time, such as intriguing, knifing each other, writing Whig history, secret drinking, and so forth. Naturally this observation doesn't apply to the Public Orator or his deputy, who has a set official task and faces it like a man. When a rich moneylender is awarded an honorary D.C.L., for example, the P.O. has to mug up the technicalities of usury

(*Concluded on page 12*)

* ". . . [we have seen] him in a winter's match taking the ball with his hands or pursuing it with his feet, dodging the enemy by the skin of his teeth, and establishing victory for the Oxford XV. with his tries"—or words to that effect.

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Shouldn't a great, grown, hulking man like you be doing something towards the defence of his country?"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 10)

and render them into mellow Ciceronian periods with as much care as when Oxford is honouring any other distinguished servant of the State, and he dare not slip up on tenses or case-endings, construction or idiom. A difficult task, sometimes heart-breaking, as in the case (a don once told us) of Sir Thomas Lipton. There being no Latin word for "yacht" or "tea," said this don, the Public Orator's research staff just took to their beds and stayed there till the affair had blown over; but he may have been lying. Another toughish problem arose over the D.C.L. awarded to Barrie, and several academic sympathisers still think it might have been better if the P.O. had mimed his entire speech, disguised as a wee old bogle-wifie from Elfland with a tiny ache in her heart, hiding behind a rowan-tree. However, Oxford got over that as Oxford gets over most things; blandly, and with a drowsy grace.

Guard

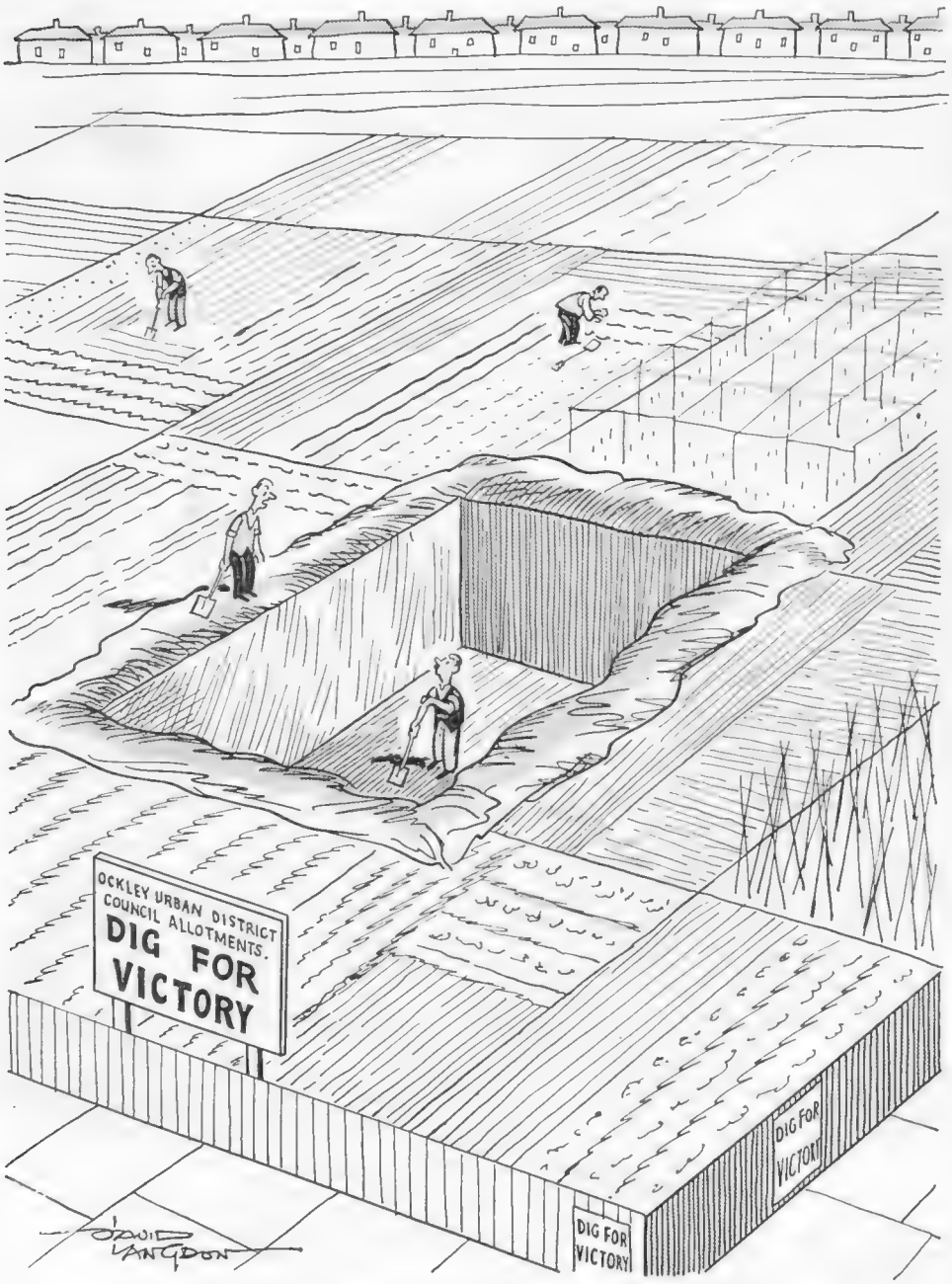
LOVING and pitying the B.B.C. boys as we do, we were interested to hear from one of them about their new Gestapo. Day and night these bravos, drawn from the personnel itself, prowl the corridors, rifles and shotguns at the ready, clubs dangling from their belts, suspicion and bloodlust in their fiery eyes. Some of them (Mr. Val Gielgud, for example) have beards as well. The interior of Broadcasting House being circular in shape, more or less, with windows all round, it may happen—as it happened the other day—that a chap may seem to be in two different studios at once, in which case he is liable to be pounced on as a suspect and cross-questioned with a muzzle in his ribs. We're not saying this is not a sound thing to do, on general principles, even if a rifle or two went off by accident (which might even improve some of the programmes, who knows?), but some of the boys assert that it upsets the more willowy brethren, who are highly sensitive anyway. However, the general public need have no fear for the old Joybox. It's a practically impregnable fortress, and although not a few aliens are still employed there, it is confidently expected that they will jolly well play the game. We asked the B.B.C. boy if the local Gestapo is permitted by Mr. Ogilvie to keep its eye in by picking off a stray comedian here and there as he flits past with his bagful of fun. He said no official ruling has yet been made. We asked if any of the Gestapo are mounted. He said there is some difficulty as yet in getting the Talks Dept. to hand over its horses, most of whom are under contract and cannot be dislodged from the microphone. And maybe (he added thoughtfully) they're more of a menace where they are.

Query

PASSING through the Temple the other day we noticed for the first time in the window of that little ancient chemist's shop by one of the gates a notice advertising a Royal Courts Pick-Me-Up, which evoked a pretty vision of lawyers reeling in with a hangover and shouting for a draught before making for the Courts. One doesn't somehow think of lawyers as being human and getting drunk, though in this particular corner of the Temple precincts there still stands the Old Grecian coffee-house where in Addison's day, apparently, the Templars used to lounge about in strawberry silk sashes, combing their wigs and drinking their claret almost like men. But wine probably sinks through a lawyer as through the desert sand, we reflected, leaving no trace of humanity, and as we passed on we wondered vaguely how many lawyers may soon be in the can as Fifth Columnists, if the Home Office doesn't get too tired. Lawyers are always found floating on the surface after great public upheavals—compare Robespierre, neatest and most priggish of solicitors—and we know at least two who used to admire Germany greatly, though by this time somebody may have briefed them for the other side. It is no reflection on the boys as a whole, we trust, to deduce that a propensity for bullying citizens who can't answer back may possibly incline some of them instinctively towards Nazidom. The same applies to schoolmasters, one or two of whom have already been slung in the can as suspects. The professional middle class, in fact, is doing pretty well up to now in this Fifth Column business, sad as that fact undoubtedly is, and Slogger A. P. Herbert, who made up a good song some years ago in praise of the middle classes, might now add another verse.

No authority seems to have explained why so much terrorism and tyranny has been engineered by the upper bourgeoisie, quiet, prim, precise, sedate chaps with smoothly-shaven pans in demure but natty suitings, mostly lawyers. (It was a lawyer who ordered the Massacre of Glencoe.) Maybe it's their only chance of escaping from their wives? Compare the Ku Klux Klan.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I think you're taking it much too literally, Bembridge. Isn't it time you began sowing something?"

Pictorial Press

Transport House — Its Chief and its Façade

Trade Unionist in excelsis Sir Walter Citrine was last month created a Privy Councillor, recognition of the important part the Trades Unions are playing in the war effort, at the same time safeguarding the ultimate interests of Labour and pressing forward to dictator-like efficiency. Sir Walter, who here marks on his office globe his recent visit to Finland, is General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress and President of the International Federation of Trade Unions. Liverpool-born, he was in 1914 Mersey District Secretary of the Electrical Trade Union and came to London as Assistant Secretary of the T.U.C. in 1924. The headquarters of organised Labour in Great Britain as represented by the Labour Party and the T.U.C. is tucked away in one of Westminster's quietest and most secluded squares, Smith Square, otherwise notable for the fashionable weddings that take place at St. John's Church there and as the home of three Members of Parliament, all Conservatives. More pictures on next two pages

Shipbuilders' *was the parent Union of E. P. Harries, now secretary to the Organisation Department of the T.U.C. and also to the numerous consultative committees war has created between the T.U.C., the Employers' Federation and the Government with the object of pushing forward war production to the limit. Most important of these committees is the consultative committee of the Ministry of Labour of seven T.U.C. and seven employers' representatives, who advise Mr. Bevin on labour supply questions*

Elections *are (or were before the electoral truce) the especial care of George Shepherd, National Agent of the Labour Party, who is here talking things over with one of his administrative assistants, Mr. Baxter, who was formerly a Labour agent in Birmingham. Although party politics have been killed, there is still plenty for headquarters to do co-ordinating and keeping alive the activities of local Party organisations*

Transport House

(Continued)

Spiritual descendants of the Tolpuddle martyrs, who went to their death in Dorset 100 years ago that the rights of the working man to a decent life might be acknowledged, the leaders of Britain's organised labour control to-day from Transport House, in Smith Square, machinery which directly affects the lives and livelihood of the vast proportion of the population of this country. From the two organisations which have their headquarters there, the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress, have come two members of Britain's War Cabinet, C. R. Attlee and Arthur Greenwood, the First Lord of the Admiralty, A. V. Alexander, the nowadays all-important Ministers of Supply and of Labour and National Service, Herbert Morrison and Ernest Bevin, and many other members of our truly National Government. Collaboration in the war effort has in many respects altered the functions of the officials of the T.U.C. and the Labour Party, but their fundamental purpose remains unchanged, to safeguard the interests and well-being of the British working man. This, they have realised, can in the present emergency best be done not by strict arguments as to hours and wages, but by ensuring, through the maximum efficiency of production in every department of national life, that the British democratic system on which those precious rights of free negotiation and choice are based shall be preserved. At the same time, Transport House and its local organisations, both industrial and political, all over the country are unceasingly vigilant that no man shall take advantage of labour's voluntary sacrifice during the war to serve his own instead of the nation's ends

Publicity *chief of the T.U.C., Herbert Trevor Tracey, was brought from Fleet Street into the headquarters of the Labour movement by the late Arthur Henderson in 1917 and formed the Party's Press Department. This later became a joint department with the T.U.C., and when in 1926 the latter became an independent unit, Tracey moved over and now has in his hands the publicising of the Trades Union's multifarious activities and the supply of material for the information of local and branch organisations*

Women *and their activities and interests are carefully looked after by the Labour Party under the guidance of Mary Sutherland, Chief Woman Officer. Miss Sutherland came to Transport House eight years ago from Scotland, where she was chief women's organiser for the Party. Graduate of a Scottish University, she is also secretary of the Standing Joint Committee of Women's Industrial Organisations, work of ever-growing importance*

Local Government *is an especial care of the Labour Party and is in the charge of G. Grant-Mackenzie, who has also been acting head of the research department since Arthur Greenwood became Minister without Portfolio in the War Cabinet. He is a Governor of the London School of Economics, at which he took a degree after spending the years 1914-19 in France. He is also Chairman of the L.C.C. Public Assistance Staff Committee, was formerly Research Officer of the Union of Post Office Workers*

Photographs

Finances *of the T.U.C. provide a many-sided and complicated job for E. Parkin, the expert in charge of them. Here he is expounding a knotty economic point to Nancy Adam, woman officer of the T.U.C., whose task it is to look after the interests of women workers within the pale of the T.U.C. Miss Adam is also secretary of the Women's Advisory Committee*

Deputy *to Sir Walter Citrine is H. V. Tewson, formerly of the Dyers' Union, who was in the Army in the last war and later joined the T.U.C. as secretary to the Organisation Department (a subject on which he is an expert). He succeeded Sir Walter as Assistant General Secretary in 1926, and takes the chair at all conferences in Sir Walter's absence*

International *Socialism, now pretty clouded over, is nevertheless a living force for William Gillies, head of the Labour Party's International Department and expert on movements, both overt and in many cases now underground, all over the world. Mr. Gillies is a Scot and was active in the Glasgow Socialist movement before coming to London in 1917 to start a research department for the Party, whose library and filing system he built up*

Secretary *of the Labour Party and therefore one of the decisive voices in the Party's Executive is Jim Middleton, close friend and collaborator of Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson in pioneer Labour days. Mr. Middleton came to London in 1903 from Workington, where he had worked on his father's paper, and was for thirty-two years Assistant Secretary of the Party before succeeding to his present post in 1935. Mrs. Middleton is Lady Astor's Labour opponent at Plymouth*

Seconded *to the* ***Treasury****, where he now works as private secretary to Arthur* ***Greenwood****, William Henderson (son of the late Arthur Henderson and brother of the M.P. for Kingswinford) was until recently Press Officer of the Labour Party. He has himself been a Member of Parliament (for Enfield) twice, from 1923-24 and from 1929-31, when he was P.P.S. to the Secretary of State for India. He was Lobby correspondent for the "Daily Herald" immediately after the last war*

Pictorial Press

Peter (Helen Ashley) is a peasant boy who disobeys his grandfather and as reward—what an immoral tale!—catches a ferocious Wolf (Leo Kersley) with a lasso

"PETER AND THE WOLF" is a new ballet by Frank Staff, and shows the same inventiveness, originality, humour and skill as his *Czernyana* and *The Tartans*, though in a completely different style. He has used Prokofiev's musical tale and spoken commentary with most amusing effect, and Guy Sheppard has got the same nursery-fun-for-grown-ups feeling into his decor. The London premiere was on the second night of the short Ballet Rambert—London Ballet season at the Arts Theatre

The whole company poses for the finale. Grandfather, very bearded, is John Andrewes, the Huntsman, propping up Peter, is David Martin, the three jaunty Huntswomen are Joan McClelland, Olivia Sarel and Therese Langfield

The Duck, absurd and frivolous, is Sally Gilmour. Her brief, gay life ends when the Wolf, catching her out of her pool, swallows her whole, and only her veiled Duck-spirit is left

Photograph by Anthony

e theme of "La Fête Etrange" concerns a young châtelaine, a nobleman, l an uninvited guest whose sudden bewitchment by the beauty of his tess causes an estrangement between her and her lover

o Russian and French Music

Peter and the Wolf" and "La Fête Etrange": Two New Ballets at the Arts Theatre

Julien, the uninvited guest, is Frank Staff, the young châtelaine is Maude Lloyd, the nobleman is David Paltenghi. Maude Lloyd's part is perfectly suited by her cool, reserved grace and elegance. Frank Staff dances well, but sometimes seems to forget that the development of the theme is not entirely independent of the acting of his part

"LA FÊTE ETRANGE" is Andrée Howard's first work as choregrapher since she returned from America. In it she handles her dancers as one now accustomed to working on a larger scale than the Mercury stage had formerly allowed her, but with this technical advance, she has lost none of the expressiveness characteristic of her ballets. *La Fête Etrange*, slight in theme, delicate in style, leaves an extraordinarily strong impression. The dream-like, nostalgic atmosphere; the Fauré music, melancholy even when its rhythm is gay; the beauty of much of the dancing, notably a pas de trois which accompanies the second song; the introduction of the two songs themselves (sung by Myra Verney); the charm of Sophie Fedorovitch's misty white and ice-blue setting and gently fantastic dresses: all this combines to weave a theatrical spell from which one emerges grateful for the brief, moving enchantment

Helen Ashley creates her first leading role as Peter, dances with the vitality and wide, unrestrained gestures and movements of a born character dancer. She is Marie Rambert's daughter

The Bird who flies to a clarinet tune is Celia Franca. Walter Gore is the mournful, dissipated-looking Cat

President of the Sussex-Surrey Division of the Y.M.C.A. is Lady Eva de Paravicini, J.P., here seen with Mr. Harding Norton, hard-working Divisional Secretary. Lady Eva is a personal friend of Princess Helena Victoria, President of the National Women's Auxiliary Y.M.C.A.

Hove's lounge reading-room *is large and pleasant and well supplied with free writing materials. Mrs. Bentley Basker, whose son is about to leave Charterhouse, is seen talking to two Tommies. Pocket billiards goes on in the background*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 13, 14, 15.—Two Y.M.C.A. Canteens at Brighton and One at Hove

To-day, with many big camps in the South of England, and troops guarding the coast, the work of the Y.M.C.A. canteens in and around Brighton is doubled. There are two canteens in Brighton, one in Hove, and many mobile canteens (of which, pictures next week). One of Brighton's canteens is at the Y.M.C.A. permanent centre, Steine House, once the home of Mrs. Fitzherbert, morganatic wife of George I. The other is two minutes from the station, and has a hostel attached. Hove's canteen is in a fine new building which was erected as a memorial to Bernhard Baron, who was actively interested in Y.M.C.A. work

change and stamps desk *at Hove, run Miss Auriol McKenzie, is a blessing to canteen workers, who are often far busy in rush hours to deal with change*

Toothpaste, *pencils, cigarettes and what have you are sold at Hove's counter. Mrs. Ralph and Miss Geneve (seen here with Bombardier Noran) help regularly*

ve's kitchen *is tiny, has to cater for hundreds of men, uses as ny as 14 dozen eggs a day. Washing-up is in proportion, but this s not depress the workers—for example, Mrs. Soloman and Mrs. Beaump Marshall, a member of Hove's Y.M.C.A. Committee for four years*

The reading room *has now been turned into a tea-room to accommodate the overflow from the canteen. Miss Rene Richardson and Miss Diane Saxby collect used cups*

One Brighton canteen *at Queen's Road has a hostel which puts up between 100 and 200 men every week at 1s. a night, with breakfast at 9d. Mrs. Newman, wife of the manager of the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, helps make the beds*

Head *of Queen's Road Canteen is, left, Mrs. Maycock, who ran the house as a private hotel in pre-war days. The fact that she is "helping the boys" consoles her in her regret at closing her hotel*

Queen's Road *canteen is near the station and is very busy. Miss Kathleen Ireland, a morning worker, is here helped by "Archie," whose surname has long been forgotten. He worked at Queen's Road in its hotel days, and with Mrs. Maycock, the owner, converted the house into a canteen and hostel in four days*

The other Brighton Canteen *at Steine House is in charge of Mrs. Arthur Dean (left), Hon. Sec. of the Divisional Women's Auxiliary Y.M.C.A. She is seen here with her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. J. Dean, and Mrs. C. Jackson, preparing the day's food. Steine House Canteen does not open until 3 p.m., but does a roaring trade every evening; is crowded out until 10 p.m.*

Steine House *is a centre for mobile canteens, and Mrs. E. L. Godfrey is filling one of the mobile tea urns, which usually have to be reloaded more than once a day. Next week we shall be illustrating more of the work of these travelling "restaurants"*

Clearing *tables are Miss M. Sisman and Miss Kathleen Kay. This goes on continuously from 3 p.m. when the canteen opens. The mornings at Steine House are devoted to restocking the mobile vans from the stores, which are in charge of Mrs. Brownlow. Vans went out all through the winter with comforts and hot drinks*

Films of the Day

Last of the Gentleman's Wars

By George Campbell

STILL they come, these films of the American Civil War; and I don't wonder. The realities of that four-year struggle—its frenzied hates and devastation, its hunger and its carnage—are forgotten. What remains is the idealism and the pageantry, very suitable material for entertainment.

In *Virginia City* and *Dark Command*, both tales of the Civil War period, the sensitive will find no harsh reminders of war here and now. Did soldiers on both sides treat women and prisoners with the chivalry of screen heroes? One or two notorious prisons apart, I believe they did. The American Civil War was the last of the gentleman's wars, fought by men who didn't think it clever to hamper enemy movements with machine-gunned women and children piled along the roads.

"DARK COMMAND" is the better film, if only because it has a basis of truth. Even if there wasn't a guerilla leader called Cantrell, there was one called Quantrill, and a pretty scoundrel he was. It was under Quantrill, according to Mr. Frederick Watson, the historian of the gunman, that Jesse James learned the technique of murder. Romantic American biographers have slobbered over him, as they have over all the other outlaws, from Billy the Kid to Pretty Boy Floyd. "There survives," remarks Mr. Watson drily, "the familiar legend that Quantrill was ill-used, embittered, a dark spirit of vengeance, like a Western Rob Roy. To be candid, Quantrill was the son and brother of professional criminals who used the turmoil of the Civil War as a convenient cloak for their robberies and killings."

In *Dark Command* he becomes a schoolmaster, sick of poverty in a rough frontier town, where success is going to men with half his ability. He stands for the office of marshal, is beaten by an illiterate cowboy (John Wayne), and in desperation turns outlaw. He steals slaves and sells them again, then a very profitable racket in States like Kansas, through which thousands of runaway slaves passed on the "underground" route to the border and freedom. From this he takes to gun-running, and finally to plain banditry, at the head of four hundred cut-throats posing as Confederate soldiers. The climax of the film, based on fact, is the burning of the little Kansas town of Lawrence, and the killing of over 150 of its inhabitants. Another gallant feat of Quantrill's (happily not shown in the film) was the murder of twenty-five Federal soldiers after they had been disarmed.

Walter Pidgeon, one of the most distinguished actors on the screen, plays the outlaw with high intelligence and more than his share of charm. John Wayne is the shrewd, unlettered cowboy who tracks him down, and Claire Trevor (teamed with him in *Stage Coach* and the less successful *First Rebel*) the pretty banker's daughter who falls for the bandit's dark distinction. In writing, acting and direction (by Raoul Walsh), *Dark Command* is well above the average mustang saga, and if you are not too, too highbrow and choosey, you 'll find it good entertainment. I certainly did.

"VIRGINIA CITY" is a duel of secret agents. The South is bankrupt. In desperate need of gold, the Confederate Government sends Randolph Scott to fetch £1,000,000 across the desert from Virginia City, in the far West, in the teeth of Federal agents headed by Errol Flynn and bandits led by John A. Murrell (Humphrey Bogart).

Murrell, the first great gangster, unless that honour belongs to our own Jonathan Wild, was the genius who organised an army of thousands of criminals, with half-a-dozen departments, and specialists in all of them. "Nature," observes Alexander Hynds, the Tennessee historian, "had done much for Murrell. He had a quick mind, a fine natural address, and great natural ability, and he was as much at ease among the refined and cultured as with his own gang. He made a special study of criminal law, and knew something of medicine. He often palmed himself off as a preacher, and preached in large camp meetings—and some were converted under his ministry! He often used his clerical garb in passing counterfeit money. With a clear head, cool, fine judgment, and a nature utterly without fear, moral or physical, his power over his men never waned. To them he was just, fair and amiable. He was a kind husband and brother, and a faithful friend. He took a great pride in his position and in the operations of his gang. This conceit was the only weak spot in his nature, and led to his downfall." The secret agents and the pretty blonde are the stock figures of romance, but I should like to have seen more of Mr. Murrell.

The American Civil War from Another Angle

"Virginia City" stars Errol Flynn as a Union Intelligence Officer who escapes from a Confederate prison, and is helped by a Confederate spy (Miriam Hopkins). She betrays him when she discovers his identity, but is reunited to him at the end of the war. Randolph Scott (left) plays Vance Irby, the Commandant of the prison. Reviewed above. Warner Theatre

HAWTHORNE'S *Scarlet Letter* was filmed with Claudette Colbert as the girl with the shameful brand. Now they have adapted *The House of the Seven Gables*, with George Sanders and Vincent Price as the brothers, and Margaret Lindsay, surely one of the most attractive and intelligent actresses on the screen, as the almost supernaturally faithful Hepzibah. If not quite a success it has a certain gloomy power.

"DR. CYCLOPS" is a fantasy by Ernest Schoedsack, director of *King Kong*. That winsome idyll got its effects by making the ape a colossus. *Dr. Cyclops* dwarfs the human beings to the point where they run in terror from a cat that looks like a Bengal tiger, and a hen big enough to peck a man's head off. If you want to enjoy the thrills of a mouse, without any of the danger, you 'll find this freak good fun.

Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane Bennett

The extremely young, squash-faced bulldog nestling in Maureen O'Sullivan's hands here is, so they say, making a similar appearance in Hollywood's film of *Pride and Prejudice*. Maureen O'Sullivan herself is demure Jane Bennett in the screen version of Jane Austen's novel, which Hunt Stromberg and Robert Z. Leonard are producing and directing for M.G.M. Stars are Greer Garson as Elizabeth Bennett, Laurence Olivier as Mr. D'Arcy. The other three Bennett sisters are Ann Rutherford as Lydia, Heather Angel as Kitty, Martita Hunt as ugly-duckling Mary. There's no news yet of when *Pride and Prejudice* will be shown over here

"Bystander" Short Story

By Courtesy

By Martin Hawkin

Illustration by Eric Fraser

I DINED twice with Mrs. van Velde in America. The first time was when I landed in New York on my way to California. Mrs. van Velde was then under the influence of Dali. Her dining-room chairs had tresses of hair hanging down their backs. The servants wore masks. The forks were fountain-pens, with prongs in place of nibs. The dining-table was shaped like France.

There were seven of us. I sat at Bordeaux; next to me, at Saint-Malo, was the Countess; on my right, or south, was Miss Piper, a radiant guardian of the Pyrenees. Mrs. van Velde reigned from Luxembourg, at Calais was Zoltan Borg, near Geneva was Murphy Mitchell. Mr. Edberger sat at Marseilles.

But I made a mistake in presuming upon the shape of the table.

"What lovely flowers," I said, gesturing towards a bowl of chicken-bones garnished with hair-nets.

"Do you mean 'Drawers Opening from the Soul' or 'The Cossack's Farewell'?" asked Mrs. van Velde.

"I mean that posy in front of Mr. Borg, near Rouen."

"Near what?" said Murphy Mitchell, so that all should hear my bloomer.

"Near Rouen, unless my geography is badly out."

"Geography! Rouen!" said the Countess in a harsh, despairing voice.

"You have never been to my house before?" asked Mrs. van Velde. "Well, you must not suppose this table has anything to do with France. It may look like France—indeed, I am told it does——"

"Why, yes, how quaint," said Mitchell, who had urged the design of the table in the first place.

"—but the table ensemble actually represents 'The Interdependence of Things.' Naturally . . . for a dinner-table."

"Of course. How silly of me!"

"I suppose you think this is a fountain-pen, with prongs in place of a nib?" said Mitchell. "Well, it's 'Sensation of Grace-Notes Recurring Over Arid Seas.'"

"Very moving!" barked the Countess, and turned aside to hide her emotion.

MISS PIPER, the most lovely woman I have seen, sat like a goddess and ate her prawn cocktail.

"You know England, Miss Piper?" I ventured after a little.

Slowly she turned her eyes full on me, and I felt my heart gasp.

"Ask Zoltan," said Mitchell. "Zoltan answers all questions for Miss Piper. Say, she's his inspiration! That's a whole-time job, eh, Zoltan?"

"Sure," said Borg, his mouth full of salmon. He was a pleasant-faced youngster with a crop of startling red hair.

"And how's the symphony coming on, Miss Piper?" Mitchell asked, looking at her while Borg answered him. "Well, that's great. Are you having it performed, Miss Piper?"

"I doubt it," said Borg.

"No true genius lives to see his works acclaimed," croaked the Countess.

"True enough, true enough," said Mrs. van Velde.

"That gives me a swank idea!" cried Mitchell, slapping his thigh. "'Mortification of Genius in the Bridge of the Years,' Mrs. van Velde."

"How?" asked the hostess.

"How?" Mitchell raked the table with his malicious smile. "Why, you have your ceiling raised in the blue drawing-room—obviously the room—and you have a small replica of the Eiffel Tower, upside-down, fixed on the ceiling. From it hangs a bunch of shrunken human heads, from the Papuan islands."

Mrs. van Velde looked appealingly at the Countess. The Countess, her chin in her elbows, was gazing at Borg, her eyes streaming tears. He ate heartily the while.

"Do you think that would go down in England, Mr. H.?" said Mrs. van Velde.

"Well—er——"

"Why, sure, honey!" broke in Mitchell. "I'll ring up my friend Raspoulian. He could fix it all in a week."

"Even the Eiffel Tower?" asked Mrs. van Velde, signing away the cham chowder that was offered her.

"Sure. With lifts," said Mitchell, helping himself copiously.

Mr. Edberger raised his face towards me: "I know your country quite well, Mr. H.", he said.

"Really?" I said eagerly.

"Mr. Edberger's in hairpins," chimed in Mitchell.

"Mr. Edberger was a close friend of my late husband," said Mrs. van Velde in a low voice to me. Then she turned quickly to Borg. "Tell us some more of your symphony, Zoltan."

"What can I tell you? It's in four movements, opening subject in A flat minor, like this"—he hummed a series of notes. "The percussion then give the rhythm for subject two"—he stamped on the ground—"and it is introduced by the brass and wood-wind in F"—he sang a series of jerky arpeggios. "Development. Recapitulation. Cross rhythm on the cymbals and triangle"—he beat the bowl of chicken-bones and a wine-glass with his knife—"and so on to fortissimo coda"—here he roared and whistled and beat and stamped.

There was a moment's silence.

"Tactual, of course," sighed the Countess. "Tactual influences freely working."

"Call it what you like," said Borg, smiling at Miss Piper. "We call it a symphony." I looked round at her and was hardly surprised to see her breast rise and fall and her eyes a-sparkle.

"Oh, what heaven to hear it performed!" said Mrs. van Velde.

"All I need is an orchestra," said Borg.

"Oh, you 'll go a helluva long way," said Mitchell quickly. "You 've got genius all right. If we didn't live in a base commercial world you 'd be king."

Everyone looked bitterly at Mr. Edberger.

"Yes, sir, a right little, tight little island, your England," said this gentleman to me, balancing a piece of ice pudding on his copper-wire fork. "I remember at Stratford——"

"Talking of Stratford," said Murphy Mitchell, "I was thinking out a dressing-table for you, Mrs. van Velde, to portray the seven reincarnations of Hamlet. The mirror, rippled, swings between two elephant-tusks. . . ."

I looked questioningly at Mr. Edberger, but he was going placidly on with his ice. Across Britanny from me, the Countess was again sunk in contemplation of Zoltan Borg.

"Jack Raspoulian could fix it for the price of a Picasso draft."

"To think that anything of Pablo's should have a price!" groaned the Countess. "Oh, my!"

"Indeed, yes, Countess dear," sighed Mrs. van Velde. Once more Mr. Edberger got some hard looks.

Borg and Mitchell were arguing the surrealist tendencies of modern Japanese art. Miss Piper, still flushed from the inspiration of the symphony rehearsal, gazed unseeingly at the torso painted on her dessert plate. The Countess was reciting poetry

(Concluded on page 32)

Mrs. van Velde was then under the influence of Dali

Spotlight on Summer

Formal Designs and Hand-blocked Prints

Small, formal designs make attractive prints to wear in town, and incidentally help to flatter your figure. Jay's, of Regent Street, have the close-spotted frock and coat above for five guineas, a special price for their summer sale. They have it in navy, black or wine colour, with white spots and piqué collar and cuffs, and it comes from the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor. Other good investments in their sale are the washing frocks, linens from 50/- and Macclesfield silks from six guineas. They have other two-pieces, too, for six guineas, in heavy crêpe with a dice design. These have long-sleeved coats and so could be worn well into the autumn

Really individual summer frocks are not easy to find, but Walpole, New Bond Street, stride ahead this year with their exclusive hand-blocked cotton prints. The frock on the left, for 21/9, shows the interest and intricacy of one of the designs. Square-necked, with a full skirt, this is just one of several styles, and there are six different colours. Walpole's also have exclusive prints in pure crêpe-de-Chine, including an attractive black, white and grey design threaded with brilliantly coloured ribbons, for 98/6. When you have chosen your frock, you can find the right hat for it on the same floor. And to freshen your mid-season suit they have a charming collection of very moderately priced blouses

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Devonshire House Set

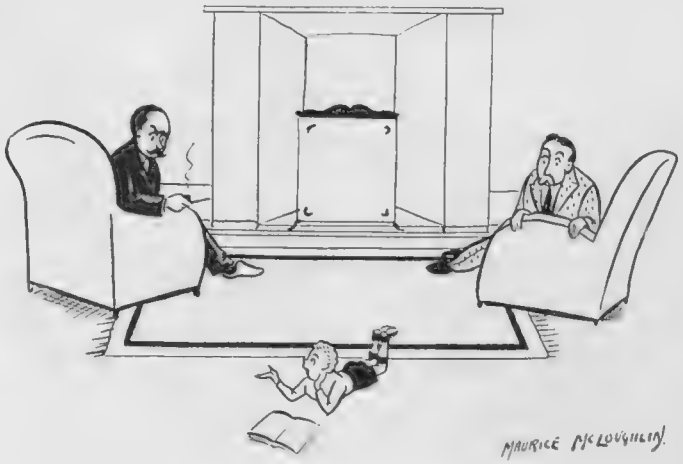
By V. S. Pritchett

FUTURE historians will be ironical at the expense of the infatuation with the late eighteenth century which has seized us during the last decade. On its lonely deathbed, they will remark, a hundred years of liberalism lost its faculties, reverted to childhood and played once more at being the Whig aristocracy. No sooner was Devonshire House pulled down than a number of brilliant writers re-created it in the imagination and infused the dangerous narcotic into the cultivated minds of our time. To us this criticism will seem exaggerated. The wheel turns full circle. A hundred years or so brings us back to the old habits of thought and feeling. Hitler over the Channel, cutting us off from the Continent, places us in a situation very much like that of the contemporaries of Napoleon; and it is always consoling to discover that there is nothing new under the sun. It is also a delightful and reviving self-flattery to look in the mirror and see, not ourselves, but ourselves magnificently translated, in the costumes of Devonshire House. Especially when we know that the present can never be more than a parody of the past.

"HARY-O" The Letters of Lady Harriet Cavendish, 1796-1809, edited by Sir George Leveson Gower and Iris Palmer (Murray; 18*s.*), is another and important aid to the fashionable delusion. It could not be pretended that the present collection has as intense and important an interest as those letters of hers which were published fifty years ago, and which belong to the time of her marriage to Lord Granville; but once one has taken to staring in the eighteenth-century mirror, the fascination of new lights, positions and poses is irresistible. She is the daughter of the tremendous Georgiana; the niece of that Lady Bessborough in whose portrait by Reynolds is epitomised the whole exquisite enchantment of the time (without a hint of its disordered and raddled folly); and if the niece appears in all our recent books as "the prudent matron," the plain and equable lady who adores her husband and devotedly brings up his mistress's children with her own (his mistress being her favourite aunt), she is none the less a charming and vivacious correspondent, and with no poor brain. To her Victorian descendants she appeared as a caustic and intimidating relic of the earlier century; in these letters, written between her childhood and marriage, one sees how different from theirs was the world in which she had grown up.

Lord David Cecil's *The Young Melbourne* contained an admirable analysis of the Devonshire House atmosphere, and Lady Harriet's letters should be read with his words in mind. Her father's mistress was his wife's friend, and they lived there together; the Duchess—who cost her husband over a million in card debts—had also her affairs, indeed, her hectic affairs:

> At once gorgeous and dishevelled, frivolous and tragic, life at Devonshire House was a continuous strain on the spirit; beneath its shining surface seethed always a turmoil of yearning and jealousy, crisis and intrigue, gnawing hope and unavailing despair. All the same, the source of its unrest was also the chief secret of its attraction. For it meant that it was quickened by that delicious emotional stir only found in societies whose chief concern is love.



"I suppose you realise your left flank is still vulnerable to a concentrated effort by enemy mechanised units"

Sensibility must have reached at times an unendurable pitch. Very early Lady Harriet gets a cruel ear for gush: "Her frightful child was well too, but anything so very ugly I have never beheld and we could hardly help laughing whilst Lady Elizabeth talked of the 'strain of seeing such perfect beauty.'" Lady Elizabeth, the Duke's mistress, was one of those women who, nervous of their position, overdo everything. And when Lady Harriet grew up to be launched on the sea of flirtation and other people's amorous scandals, she retained the caustic gift. There was Lord Duncannon, who could not make up his mind whether he wanted her or another lady; he had, Lady Harriet said, a bad mind but not (what was fatal to the esteem of Devonshire House) a bad heart. Perpetually susceptible, he was a weathercock and "Tant qu'il chante la même chose, it does not matter which way the wind blows."

She quarrelled and argued with him. She refused to speak to him for weeks until he was full of remorse; at last, as this kind does, he went off and married a third party. After that, when her adored mother was dead, Lady Harriet came under the rule of the lady who had found perfect beauty such a strain. Marriage solved this problem, and if the Devonshire House ladies were dishevelled and uncontrolled, it must be said that they had reserves of sense. Lady Harriet married her aunt's lover, and her aunt, Lady Bessborough, arranged it; though for twenty-five years Lord Granville had been giving her little beyond those unavailing despairs of which Lord David Cecil writes. The marriage was a great success.

ONE of the later chapters in Miss Rose Macaulay's new novel, *And No Man's Wit* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*), goes back maliciously to 1820, and shows a young man down from Cambridge announcing to his father that he is going to fight in Spain. Why? asks the father. Why? asks Miss Macaulay, returning to her present-day story, why do young foreigners feel impelled from generation to generation to meddle in Spanish affairs? Dr. Marlowe, a strong-minded Left Wing lady, took a family party over the Pyrenees in the year after the Civil War, to look for her missing son, who had fought in the International Brigade. She remembers a young Aragonese marquis who was Guy's friend at Oxford, and has the temerity to take her anti-Franco party to the aristocrat's estate. The Marquis does not disguise his opinion that all liberals in Spain or out of it should be shot or tortured, preferably both; but good manners and his feeling for Guy's fiancée lead him to help the English lady. One cannot call the situation ironical. There are no ironical situations in Spain; there are only awful situations, ghastly, unbridgeable gulfs opening in the floors of drawing-rooms and cafés. It is a great merit of Miss Macaulay's novel that she has caught, without too facile a mockery, the incommunicable distance of the Spanish mind. We speak the same language only to that tiny and now annihilated minority who have been in contact with European ideas; a minority who are the first to make them utterly unrecognisable when they occasionally get the chance of putting them into practice. This is one of the few novels about recent events in Spain which shows any respect for the facts of Spanish history and any restraint in interpreting them. It has the unusual virtue of being well-informed. A curious, wry and uncanny love idyll runs through the debates of the characters, and there is an amusing portrait of the unimpressionable English worker abroad, who "okes" his way through every impasse.

THE following novels are recommended:

Green Glory. By John Brophy. (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Dead March in Three Keys. By Peter Curtis. (Peter Davies; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Those Borgias. By George Borodin. (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Double Christening at St. Pancras Church

Anthony Maurice, son and heir of Lord and Lady Gifford, and Merrin, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Terence Gwyer, were both christened by Bishop Crotty. Lady Gifford was Margaret Allen, of Sydney, New South Wales; Lord Gifford met her there when he was A.D.C. to Sir Philip Game, who is godfather to their son. He is head of the District Messenger Company, and two messengers represented the Company at the christening. Mrs. Gwyer is daughter of the Speaker of New South Wales. Seen here are Mrs. Eric Walmsley, who acted as proxy for one of the godparents, Mrs. Gwyer with Merrin, Lady Gifford with Anthony Maurice, and Lord Gifford, who was one of Merrin's godparents

R.A.F. Christening

The daughter of Pilot Officer and Mrs. John S. Olliff was christened Anita Christine. Mrs. Olliff was Dagmar Lindblom, of Stockholm, before her marriage. Pilot Officer Olliff, the tennis International, now specialising in air gunnery, obtained special leave to come to London for the christening

Five Christenings: One Son, Four Daughters

Owen Nares' First Grandchild

Owen Nares' granddaughter was christened Caroline Harriett at St. James's, Piccadilly. She is the daughter of Second-Lieut. David Nares, R.A., and Mrs. Nares, who was Jane Thompson, daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Thompson, of Brockington Grange, Hereford. Owen Nares (Maxim de Winter in "Rebecca," at the Queen's) holds Caroline, while Mrs. Owen Nares and Caroline's parents look on

A High Court Judge's Granddaughter

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stafford Crossman, and granddaughter of Mr. Justice Crossman, was christened at St. Nicholas Church, Chislehurst. Uncle and godfather to the baby is R. H. S. Crossman, the economist (right). Before her 1938 marriage, Mrs. Crossman was Estelle Carol Davidson, daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. C. G. F. Davidson, of Powder Mill House, Waltham Abbey, Essex

Leading lady *Yvonne Martin is a twenty-year-old art student. Till three years ago she lived in the East, learnt dancing in Hong Kong at the same studio as Margot Fonteyn went to. In London Sokolova has been her teacher. Aged six, she was kidnapped in Colombo. Her hobby is high diving, her ambition, to go back to Hong Kong*

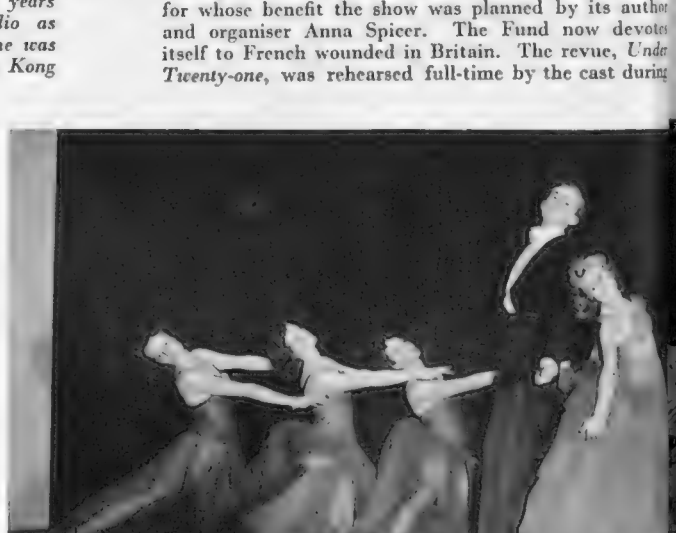
Economic student *Anne Cloake is a tap-dancer in the "Under Twenty-one" cast. She is also an enthusiastic student of Communistic theory*

Ambitious

Oxford Undergraduates Present Themselves to the West End in a Revue of Their Own Called "Under Twenty-one"

For six days last week twenty-one Oxford undergraduates, an author, a composer and a designer, not one of them of age, took possession of the Fortune Theatre and set their revue before the West End. The whole cost of production was their affair, and the receipts were given to the Friends of the French Forces Fund, for whose benefit the show was planned by its author and organiser Anna Spicer. The Fund now devotes itself to French wounded in Britain. The revue, *Under Twenty-one*, was rehearsed full-time by the cast during

Glamour girls *to the manner born, the chorus allowed the photographer to visit their dressing-room—Nancy Liversidge doctoring her shoe, Diana Stewart, Margaret Cloake, Anne Cloake, Joan Cooper. They all come from the North of England or Scotland, author-presenter Anna Spicer having decided when she was casting her revue that Southern girls "lacked pep and stamina"*



"Please Stop the Clock" *is the sentiment and Reginald Barr are singing. He is reading histor a blue and purple background for Miss Martin Cloake, Nancy Liversidge, Anne Cloake, Betty Syme Stewart, Joan Cooper. Claudia Furneaux is a cousi modern languages at Oxford, is considered one*

Swing singer *is Jocelyn Jacoby. A swing version of "Hamlet" was in the programme, and so was a new dance, the Boompsa-Rumba*

Sentimental singer *is Margaret Wilder. She was chosen by the British Council film section as the typical English girl medical student (Miss Medicine?). She is at St. Hilda's*

Philosopher *of the future, or so she hopes, is Nancy Liversidge. Meantime she is eighteen and at Oxford, was one of the eight chorus-girls of "Under Twenty-one" whose studies range from Slavonic languages to modern business*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

the first weeks of Long Vac. The result, if not entirely professional, was full of vitality and enthusiasm, and the chorus was full of glamour. Music was written by Dennis Blood, Hertford College organ scholar, here making his debut as jazz composer. An eighteen-year-old boy from Wales, Geoffrey Bennison, pupil of Polunin, designed the settings and dresses

number Yvonne Martin at Trinity. The chorus, scarlet, are Margaret Claudia Furneaux, Diana of Lord Birkenhead, reads the beauties of her year

Conference *is held by Betty Symes and Anna Spicer, Pat Corrie and Kenneth Broadbent, the two pianists, and producer John McCormick, who is a co-director of the Neighbourhood Theatre ("Bystander," June 26th). Anna Spicer was author, business manager and organiser of the show. She is twenty, is reading law, and wants finally to become a foreign correspondent. Learns Russian as a hobby, has already included Vienna University, Paris, and Florence in her educational progress. Besides writing the "Under Twenty-one" book and lyrics, she chose the cast of twenty-one herself*

Mr. King and the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell

John King and the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, of Paxtu, Nyeri, Kenya, and Pax Hill, Bentley, Hants., were married quietly at St. Mary's, Bentley. He is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie King, of Nether Swell, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos., is serving with the R.A.F.

The Hon. William Le Poer Trench and Miss Younger

The Hon. William Francis Brinsley Le Poer Trench is half-brother to the Earl of Clancarty, son of the late Earl, and of Mary Countess of Clancarty. Diana Younger is the daughter of Sir William Younger, Bt., and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley, of 8, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8. They were married at St. Paul's, Avenue Road. Mrs. Wheatley is the wife of the crime-thriller writer, and herself a novelist under the name of Eve Chaucer

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Mr. Masefield and Miss Hawke

Jack Briscoe Masefield, Malayan Police Service, and the Hon. Veronica Hawke, only daughter of the late Lord Hawke, and Frances Lady Hawke, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Masefield, of Fitzwalters, Brentwood, Essex, and nephew of the Poet Laureate

Mr. Pearce Serocold and Miss Cohen

Sec. Lieut. Arthur Pearce Serocold, Welsh Guards, younger son of the late Brig.-General E. Pearce Serocold and of the Hon. Mrs. Serocold, of St. Mary's, Baldock, Herts., and cousin of Lord Stanley of Alderley, was married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields to Elizabeth Cohen, daughter of Lionel L. Cohen, K.C., and Mrs. Cohen, of 3, Orme Square, W.2

Mr. O'Neill and Miss Pritchard

Con Douglas Walter O'Neill is the second son of the Hon. Sir Hugh O'Neill, M.P., and the Hon. Lady O'Neill, of 77, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.7, and Cleggan Lodge, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, and cousin of Lord O'Neill. Rosemary Pritchard is the daughter of the late Harold Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard. They were married at All Souls', Langham Place

(Continued on page 30)

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

Getting Married (Continued from page 28)

Powell-Brett — Sinclair

Captain Francis Powell-Brett, Royal Artillery, elder son of the late Bernard Powell-Brett, and Mrs. Powell-Brett, of Meriden House, Meriden, Warwickshire, and Peggy Sinclair, only daughter of Neil Sinclair, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Sinclair, of 14, Upper Harley Street, W.1, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Earle — Warre

Captain Peter Beaumont Earle, 60th Rifles, and Ursula Warre were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Earle, of 52, Pont Street, S.W.1. Hers are Major and Mrs. Felix Warre, of 128, Kensington Church Street, W.8

Mount — Barnett-Gow

Captain Alan Reginald D'Arcy Mount, Royal Engineers, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. H. L. Mount, of 6, Burghley Road, Wimbledon, and Ruth Barnett-Gow, daughter of the late J. Barnett-Gow, and Mrs. Barnett-Gow, of Cornerways, Roman Road, Shrewsbury, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Grattan-Doyle — Hessey

Sec.-Lt. Howard Nicholas Grattan-Doyle, R.A., son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Grattan-Doyle, of Highfield, Hadley Wood, and Anne Catherine Hessey, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. W. F. Hessey and Mrs. Hessey, of Sheepcote, Castle Hedingham, Essex, were married at Braintree. He recently opposed Sir Cuthbert Headlam in the by-election for N. Newcastle

Birney — Wood

Sec. Lieut. David Birney, London Rifle Brigade, and Cecilie Wood, only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. C. Wood, of Lowmead, Farcham, Hants., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the younger son of Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Birney, of Puck's Croft, Rusper, Sussex

Glass — Dunstan

Dennis Glass, younger son of the late W. Glass, of Ballaglass, Isle of Man, and Susan Dunstan, elder daughter of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. G. T. McInnes, of Huntsman's Lodge, Wrotham Heath, Kent, were married at Trottiscliff Church, Kent

Coad — Pearson

Philip R. R. Coad, son of Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Coad, of Nightingales, Southborough, Kent, and Heather Pearson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. L. G. Pearson, of 29, Elvaston Place, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Pomeroy — Hayne

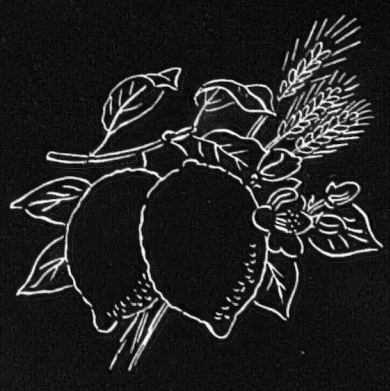
Jocelyn Francis Brian Pomeroy, R.A.F.V.R., son of Major and Mrs. F. K. Pomeroy, of 15, Harlow Oval, Harrogate, and Lucy Margaret Hayne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayne, of Osmington, Weymouth, Dorset, were married at Chelsea Old Church by the Dean of Westminster

Storey — Cuthbertson

Roy Frederick Storey and Pamela Anne Cuthbertson were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Storey, of Bishopswood. She is the elder daughter of the late H. Cuthbertson, and Mrs. Francis Follett, of 31, Chelsea Square, S.W.3

(Concluded on page 32)

Connoisseurs select a
Bottle of KIA-ORA's nectar.
It's stronger
Lasts longer.



Getting Married

(Continued from page 30)

Milton — McFadyean

Frank Milton, Royal Engineers, of 1, Plowden Buildings, Temple, E.C.4, and Barbara McFadyean, eldest daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean, of 21, Cavendish Close, N.W.8, were married at Caxton Hall register office

Eyre — Royds

Lt. Richard G. Eyre, Royal Navy, and Minna Mary Royds, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Rawson Royds and Lady Royds, of 8, Harrington Court, Harrington Road, S.W.7, were married quietly at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Hastings Eyre, of Horwood House, Bideford, Devon

Le Roy-Lewis — Hawdon

D. H. Le Roy-Lewis, City of London Yeomanry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Le Roy-Lewis, of Waverdon House, Bletchley, Bucks., and Diana Hawdon, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. H. Hawdon, of Knodishall Red House, Saxmundham, Suffolk, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

By Courtesy

(Continued from page 22)

from St. Malo to Mrs. van Velde in Luxembourg :

> Sketches on the seashore, seaweed, seaweed salad,
> And the sad waves breaking their hearts ;
> Sketches in shells,
> In scallops,
> Conches,
> Cockles and mussels,
> Cowries,
> Old oyster-shells with chipped edges. . . ."

We took coffee in the blue drawing-room. The after-half of a stuffed cow protruded from where the fireplace should have been. Its two hind feet were clad in ballet shoes.

LAST September I had to wait three days in New York on my way home from the West. I dined at Mrs. van Velde's again.

A discreet footman opened the door, a maid in full skirt, starched cuffs and high cap took my coat. The wallpaper in the hall was flower-patterned. Two daguerreotypes of bewhiskered gentlemen glared from one wall to the " Stag at Bay " on the other.

Mrs. van Velde greeted me in a first-floor room. She had her hair piled atop her head, round her neck was a black velvet band fastened with a large cameo brooch. The Countess, in long black-lace gloves, talked to Murphy Mitchell by the blazing fire. His narrow check trousers were strapped beneath his shoes. The only other guest I knew was bland Mr. Edberger. He appeared to be unchanged.

" Pray take a seat," said my hostess, motioning me towards an upright, upholstered chair, its back draped with an antimacassar, its legs shrouded in frills.

But my first independent remark was, once again, a mistake.

" How is Mr. Borg ? " I asked. " I heard some talk of him in Hollywood. It appears he is making something of a name."

" I really don't know," said Mrs. van Velde.

" One of those moderns, like Wagner, isn't he ? " added Mitchell.

There was a murmur of assent.

At table, a long, gleaming mahogany one, conversation turned on Trollope.

" And apropos," said Murphy Mitchell, " I can lay hands on a complete set, second editions, of the dear creature's works, together with a marble case decorated with figurines of the Muses. It would go well by your bed, Mrs. van Velde."

" But I can hardly move in my bedroom now," said the hostess. " That fireguard and the commode filled the space between the mantel and the roll-top desk, if you remember——"

" This, I assure you, is an opportunity not to be missed," said Mitchell. " My friend Jack Raspoulian . . ."

" You knew the Prince ? " asked my neighbour, a beauty introduced as Miss FitzSimmons.

" The Prince of Wales ? " I asked.

" No, the dear Prince Consort."

" Well—er——"

" Oh, that memorial to him ! " cut in Mitchell. " And your Albert Hall ! Divine ! Divine ! "

In a moment of silence Mr. Edberger turned to me. " A bad thing for your country, this war, sir. A very bad thing. I was talking to a fellar who knew Germany pretty well——"

" Now, Eddie," admonished Mrs. van Velde. " No Stock Exchange talk here. We are artists, you know."

" Oh, your killing sallies ! " cried Murphy Mitchell to our hostess. " But seriously. That collection of Blue China I was telling you of . . ."

Back in the drawing-room we sat round primly and Miss FitzSimmons sang Mendelssohn and Schumann, ending with a discreetly facetious ballad by a Mr. Soper, whom everybody seemed to know personally. The Countess recited from Jane and Ann Taylor.

" I 'll thank'ee to turn on the music-box," said Mrs. van Velde to Mitchell, who rose and fiddled with a satinwood cabinet on a bow-legged table. It was a disguised wireless set, and soon a voice was heard saying : " . . . and let me remind you, folks, before the conductor taps his desk for the last and greatest movement, that this is the first performance anywhere of Zoltan Borg's first symphony, and constitutes number one of our Wednesday series, ' American Music of To-day ' ! "

A young man in Dundrearys moved to turn it off.

" Leave it," said Murphy Mitchell. " I have always been an admirer of Borg, though not, perhaps, fully able to appreciate him."

There was a murmur of assent. Mrs. van Velde considered. " We shall see," she said.

And through the cacophony that followed I played silent whist with my hostess, Miss FitzSimmons and a Captain D'Urbeville. The Countess crocheted.

On the last chord, waves of applause and cheering seethed from the wireless.

" I recognised it well," said Mrs. van Velde. " What balance ! What counterpoint ! More than ever, now, I am sure Zoltan is a genius ! "

" I will ask my friend to get the manuscript for you," said Mitchell.

" . . . They certainly seem to be eating that up, bones and all," said the wireless. " Now once more, folks, before we cut out on this great scene of enthusiasm, let me remind you that Zoltan Borg's symphony is the first of ZKR's series ' American Music of To-day,' coming to you on our nation-wide hook-up by courtesy of Edberger's Non-Tarnish Hairpins, ' the hairpin that rules the waves.' . . ."

THE END.

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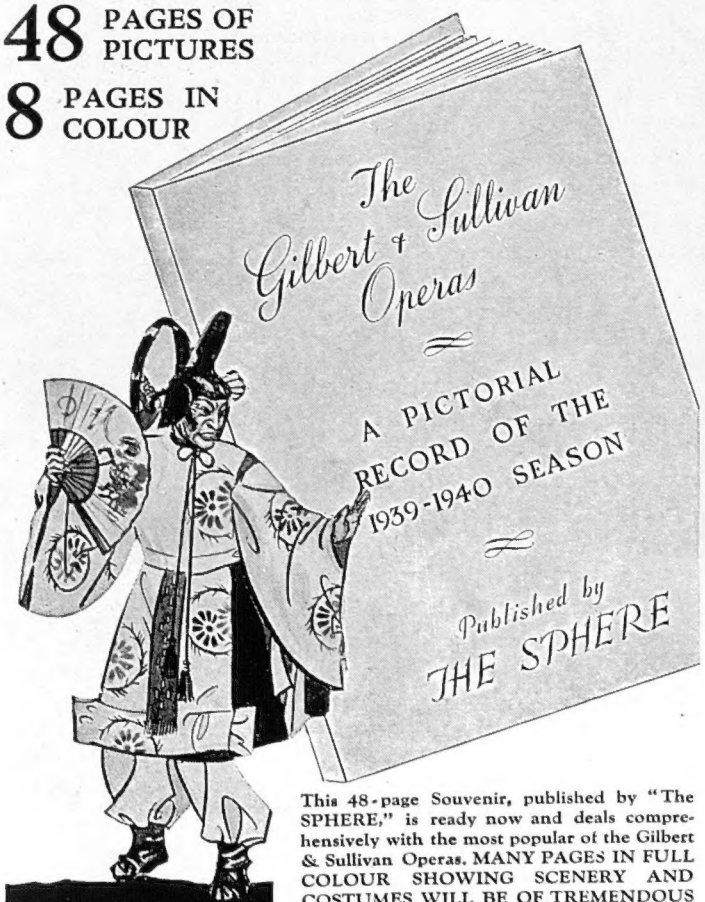

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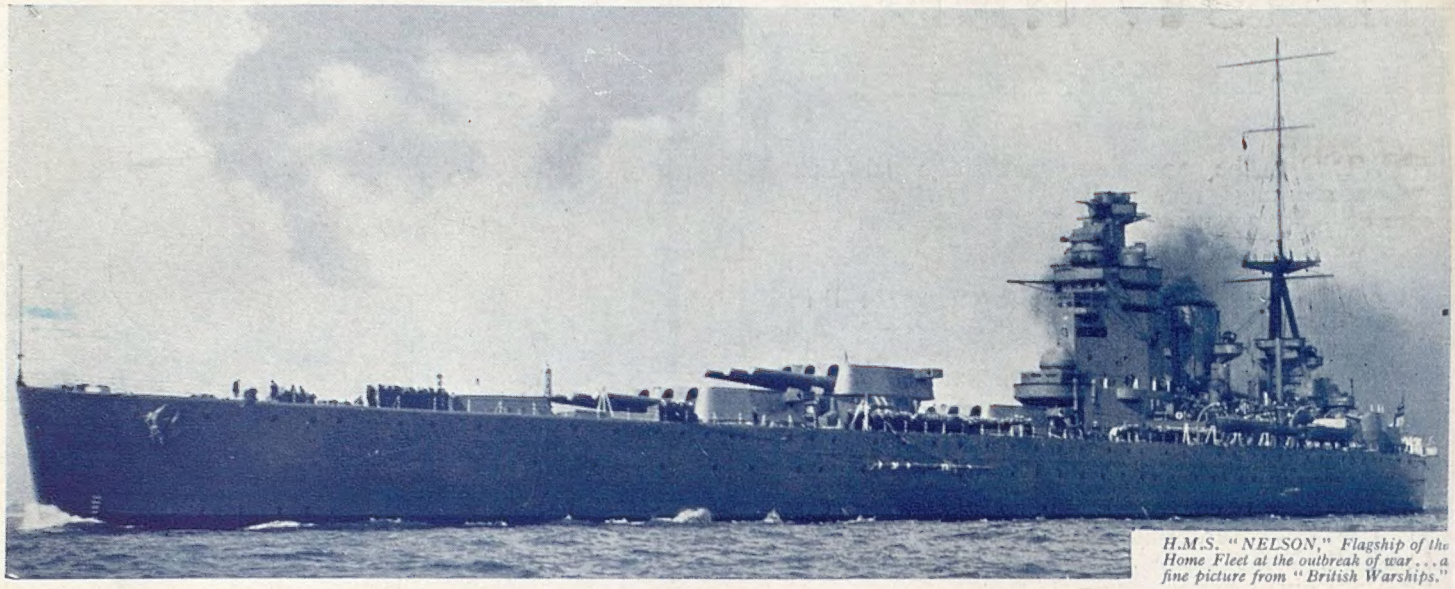

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